

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1862.

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

ROSS & ROSSER.

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - DECEMBER 25

A SONG.

Think not I can ever one moment forget thee—
Let memory blot one bright page of the past,
Of the vision that first in my dreaminess met me,
And around my lone shadow its radiance cast.
Ah! no, like the sunlight that breaks in the
morning,
Like the first breath of air in the window at
dawning,
Like the rose-bud that opens to the summer's soft
warning,
Will the vision of thee in my memory last!
And yet there are times when the curtain of sad-
ness
Will drop for a while round my lightness and
mirth;
I see thee the same in thy beauty and gladness
As that star did that happily shone at thy
birth;
I see thee some high mountain's summit ascend-
ing,
Thy arms toward the blue arch of heaven extend-
ing,
The hues of thy robes with the golden clouds
blending,
While I in obscurity grope through the earth
Then did not thy beautiful eyes with reproaches,
Nor chide the poor bankrupt for being in debt;
But think when a tear on his eyelid cherishes,
'Tis pleasure that prompts it, and not a regret,
No, not a regret that he ever has known thee,
Nor sorrow for love that he sometimes has
shown thee;
But that, knowing and loving, he never can
own thee,
And knowing that, still he can never forget!

TO A GIRL.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The echoes of thy song,
Young minstrel girl, have fallen on my heart,
And answering thoughts, a fair and gentle throng
To life and being start.
Thy music is a boon
That hushes my worn spirit to its sleep,
And soothes it in its morbid hour, will shine
Brightly on every eye.
A soul of fire is thine,
Thou art a new star mounting in the sky,
Whose beams, in its meridian hour, will shine
Brightly on every eye.
May heaven forever shower
His blessings on thy spirit pure and true,
As the calm evening sheds on leaf and flower
Its soft and holy dew.
God keep thy soul from gloom,
And may thy life, with joy and beauty blest,
Bear like some tropic stream, a freight of bloom
Upon its placid breast.
May no bright hope e'er spring
Within thy heart to perish unfulfilled,
And may'st thou never feel thy spirit-wing
By autumn tempests chilled.
Oh, may'st thou e'er remain
As joyous and as beautiful as now,
A song-bird pouring forth her richest strain
From being's loftiest bough.

COMPOSITION FOR LEATHER.—One of the
very best compounds known to us for ren-
dering leather boots and shoes almost per-
fectly water-proof, and at the same time
keeping them soft and pliable, is composed
of fresh beef tallow, half an ounce, yellow
bees-wax, one ounce, and one eighth of an
ounce of shellac. Melt the tallow first and
then remove all the membrane from it; add
the bees-wax in thin shavings and when it is
melted and combined with the tallow, add
the shellac in powder and stir until it is
melted. Bees-wax is one of the best known
preservatives of leather. This compound
should be applied warm to the boot or shoe,
and the soles should receive a similar appli-
cation to the uppers. In using it a rag or
piece of sponge should be employed, and the
boot or shoe held cautiously before the fire
or stove until the compound soaks into it.
Care must be exercised not to expose the
leather too close to the fire. If the boot
be blackened and brushed until it becomes
glossy before the application of this prepara-
tion it will remain black and shining for a
long period after it is applied. A little
vegetable tar mixed with the foregoing com-
position makes it more adhesive and im-
proves its quality for walking among snow.
A liberal application of this composition
every two weeks during the winter will
keep boots and shoes that are worn daily
water proof and soft.—Scientific American.

"Political" or "State Prisoners" Please Take Notice.

We desire to obtain the names and Post-
office address of all persons who have been
arrested in the different States, as "Political"
or "State prisoners." Will those who see
this notice please send their names, etc., to
the address of

D. SNEED,
Fairfield, Iowa.

A MIDNIGHT SPEECH BY VALLAN- DIGHAM IN NEW-YORK CITY.

Captain Rynders, Hon. Ben. Wood, Rev.
C. C. Burr, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Thompson,
formerly Mayor Wood's Private Secretary,
Wm. Mulligan, Esq., and a host of the
Democracy of the city, serenaded Hon. C. L.
Vallandigham and Hon. Mr. Pendleton, of
Ohio, at the New York Hotel, last evening.
The serenaders employed Dodsworth's Band
and started from Thorpe's Hotel shortly af-
ter ten o'clock P. M. The music consisted
of sundry stirring airs, among which "Dixie"
was prominent and decidedly welcome.—
After a few airs had been played, there
were loud cries for Vallandigham, who
was led to the balcony and introduced by
Ex Senator McMurray. Mr. Vallandigham
commenced his address at nearly 11
o'clock, and spoke substantially as follows:

MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S SPEECH.

Men of New York: I thank you for your
presence here to-night. I am assured that
the representation of an Abolition press (ap-
plause) has not taken from me the confidence
of my fellow-citizens of this city. [applause]
and a voice, "Never!" I am glad, person-
ally, to meet with you on this occasion. Aside
from the compliment that is implied, I ac-
cept this as a testimonial that there are those
in this great metropolis of the United
States who are ready now, after an experi-
ment of twenty months, to turn their
thoughts from bloody intentions, to the con-
templation of the prosperity and the bless-
ings of peace in this land—peace not by
separation, not by disunion, [applause] but
by a return to those instrumentalities alone
by which the Constitution and the Union
were first made by our fathers—[applause]
to the spirit of humanity, conciliation, and
of compromise—[applause]—to the spirit of
the Declaration of the Fathers of our coun-
try—the foundations of this grandest and
greatest temple of liberty, rooted strong and
deep in the beginning of this Government.
It is by these instrumentalities alone, in my
deliberate judgment, that that fabric can be
maintained and restored as our fathers found
it. [Applause]

There are those indeed, who distinguish be-
tween the Union and the Constitution I re-
cognize no such distinction. As well might
you attempt to separate the precious metal
from the vase in which it is manufactured.
If that material be destroyed, the vase it-
self perishes. If the Constitution be de-
stroyed, the Union perishes with it. [Cries of
Good, good, and applause.] I mean the
Union as it was—[applause]—the Union as
our fathers made it [applause]—the Union
of Washington—of Madison—of John Jay
and Alexander Hamilton, [applause] which
gave us peace, prosperity, happiness, gran-
deur, glory and greatness, such as never be-
longed to another people since creation
dawned. [applause] The Union, which now
is proclaimed to be the Union as it ought to
be—the man who attempts such a Union—
a Union different from what descended to us,
and all those blessings which our fathers
gave us—the man who attempts such a
Union, by whatsoever name he may be cal-
led, is a traitor. [Bravo and cheers.] Not
for any such Union, it is the unity of dis-
sentiment, not the unity of fraternal affection,
or of independent and sovereign States
which legislated for themselves. It would
be a Union without the freedom of the press,
without freedom of speech, without freedom
from arrest, without freedom from search un-
warrantable, unreasonable and unconstitutional
—without any of the guarantees which a
free people have ever demanded; such is
the Union which the Abolitionists of this
land would set up for the American people,
and which they proclaim is the Union as it
ought to be. [Applause] Not such as our
fathers made—not such as in 1787 they es-
tablished, and consolidated for the protec-
tion and defense of the liberty of the white
race of the United States. [Applause] That
Union I am ready to defend.

You have been told that I was a disunion-
ist—I who have stood by the Union—I who
am ready to stand by and defend, at the
sacrifice of life, which your Abolitionists
have not yet done. It is that Union, and
that alone, which secures to the people of
the United States, those born here and those
not born here, but who come from foreign
lands to this land of free and home of the
freedom, which secures to us those guarantees
which Englishmen, even living under a
monarchy, demand. It is the Union and
the Constitution established by our fathers.
It is for that that we who love our country,
who serve it not with lip service alone, are
willing to offer our lives, in the field if ne-
cessary, or our services in the councils of the
nation, with whatever wisdom and capacity
have been vouchsafed to us. It is that Union
which we desire to see restored; that Con-
stitution maintained forever. [Groans for
Greeley and "Father Abraham." I am here
to-night to say to you solemnly, with sor-
row, that if the Union and Constitution, of
which I have spoken, are to be, the one re-
stored and the other maintained, it is in and
through the people of the United States act-
ing through the instrumentality of the Dem-
ocratic party. [Applause]

There is another way by which these bless-
ed benefits can be secured and maintained,
to this people but by that party. [Applause]
I have no hope in the Executive of the
United States. [Applause] I am not of that
number who seek to secure personal safety,
for I scorn it. [Applause] My birth-right,
of I have it at all, is to speak plainly, be-
cause I was born a freeman and mean to die
a freeman. I am not willing to seek my
own personal safety by compliments to the
Executive of the United States. [Applause] He de-
serves it not, and he has it not. [Hisses] The
Constitution and laws of this land are trod-
den under foot. He has arrested your citi-
zens and our citizens of the West, [his-
ses] without law and without constitutional
authority incarcerated them in dungeons
without subpoena, without trial by jury,
without the benefit of counsel, without the
right to be heard in their own defense,
without that which two thousand years ago
was the birth right of the Roman citizen—
the right to know the offense wherewith he
is charged.

(A voice.—How about Mrs. Brinsmade?)
He deserves not—the President deserves

not any compliments at the hands of the lovers of the Constitution. [Hisses and ap- plause.] Let him obey that Constitution, let him respect the law and the rights of citi- zens—citizens who have made him what he is [applause]—who breathed the breath of life into him, and who can extinguish it, and will extinguish it, on the 24th of March, 1865. [Cries that's so, and tremendous cheers for George B. McClellan.] Your hope is not from him; still less is it from the pre- sent Congress of the United States—not from the Senate, certainly, not from the House of Representatives. [Applause.] The sample of men who have learned nothing and for- gotten nothing—men despised and repudiated at home, and yet going from their con- stituencies who have rejected them as un- worthy and unprofitable servants, surround- ed by the pestilential atmosphere of Wash- ington—have repeated the foul wickednesses and crimes of the last six months. They have learned not the lessons of the last elec- tion, which should have taught them their duty [laughter and applause] they are de- termined and persistent in that course of conduct which has been prescribed to them by the leaders of their Abolition party. I thank them for it, certainly, on my part; for gentlemen, while I am not forget that I am an American, I must rejoice that God Almighty has vindicated the saying of the ancients—"Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." They will be placed where they can do nothing but face the con- sequence. We have the record of the peo- ple of the United States in the recent elec- tion, which proclaimed to them the hatred and scorn which must attach to them here- after. It came like a thunder clap; they have forgotten it. Permit us to remind them of it. On the floors of Congress we are making up a record for them from which they can not escape. There is a little free speech left there yet, but not the free speech of our ancestors; but we can place them on record and summon them to a tribunal of the people, to whose judgment we can ap- peal in this great controversy.

Upon the records of the Senate and of
the House and of the Congressional Globe
we ask the judgment of the people and of
posterity to the remotest generations.—
That judgment, that record will condemn
those who have prostrated the Constitution,
tricked down the Union, and destroyed the
rights and liberties of the people of America
[Applause.] You have no help in the present
Congress—there is no good to come out of
that Nazareth. I have been there to see.
No, your help is in your honest hearts—in
yourselves alone—in your own strong arms
—from these alone that salvation is to come.
The people have never sought a remedy
other than the Constitution and the laws,
and I solemnly believe that if these outages
had been perpetrated in England, France,
Austria or Russia, the people, long since,
would have risen in spontaneous insurrection.
[Cries of "That's so."] Why did we not
have it here? Because we have

A weapon truer yet.

Better than the bayonet.

We have the ballot-box, and in that the
people have pronounced their judgment. If
that is not needed, execution will soon fol-
low. The mandates of the sovereigns of
America shall be heard till the White House
and the halls of Congress shall heed. The
people have spoken in thunder tones from
Ohio and from Indiana; from Pennsylvania,
the old Keystone State of the arch of this
Union; from New Jersey, that noble and
gallant little State that never yet faltered in
its duty; from New York, the great Empire
State. After that voice has been heard,
even yet, men clothed with the power of
Senators, have proclaimed on the floor of
Congress, after hearing of the arbitrary man-
ner in which loyal citizens have been ar-
rested, without due process of law, or a
chance to be heard in their defense, that
where one arrest has been made fifty more
men ought to have been arrested. Now, we,
the people, tell those in authority that if
law is thus to be trampled under foot—if
the dearest rights of freemen are to be set
at naught, and if these outrages are to be
further carried on, then there will be not only
fifty arrests made, but many more than fifty,
and those who are arrested will perish, but
it will not be us. It will be Cain, not Abel,
who will suffer. But I am for obtaining re-
dress under the Constitution.

We of the West, and I trust you, too, here
in New York, are determined to have our
injuries redressed, and we demand measure
for measure, heaped full and running over.
Way, it was only the other day that an act
passed the Senate, and it will soon pass the
House of Representatives, giving the Presi-
dent of the United States—nay, not only the
President, but all his minions that have been
engaged in this work of arbitrarily ar-
resting American freemen—a general am-
nesty, thus endeavoring to free them from
any suit for damages for their unwarrantable
exercise of power. The right of *habeas corpus*
is especially guaranteed to the people
by the Constitution of the United States,
and it can only be suspended in case of in-
surrection or rebellion, yet, this act of Con-
gress pretends to authorize Abraham Lin-
coln to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in
all the loyal States. Is there any rebellion
in the State of New York? Is there any in
Pennsylvania? Yes, there were rebellions
in those States on the 14th of October and
the 4th of November last—a great insurrec-
tion of freemen, who spoke through the
ballot-box.

Mr. Vallandigham closed with a reiteration
of his love for the Union and Constitution.

Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, was introduced
by Stephen P. Russell, and made a brief
address.

The proceedings did not close until one
o'clock A. M.

WHAT IS MAN?—Chemically speaking, a man is forty five pounds of carbon and ni- trogen diffused through five and a half pounds of water.

What is woman? Woman is one hundred
pounds of man, ten pounds of silk, ten
pounds of cotton and one pound of whale-
bone with an indefinite amount of fuss and
feathers, and the remainder in hoops.

An Attempt to Arrest a Democratic Editor in Illinois.

The Jerseyville (Ill.) Democratic Union
of the 13th, contains an account of an at-
tempt which was made in that place to ar-
rest the editor by military authority, which
attempt failed. The editor says:

"We give the Alton accounts of the at-
tempt to arrest us on last Friday morning,
the 6th inst., and, as neither of the accounts
are entirely correct, it is our purpose here to
make known to the people exactly what was
said, and done upon the occasion.—
We may premise that an attempt to make
such an arrest was entirely unexpected by us,
because the Administration had publicly an-
nounced, in the Reports of Secretary Stan-
ton, that no more would be made. While
writing upon the President's Message, about
ten o'clock that morning, we perceived a
civilian and a Lieut. with sword and pistol
about entering our sanctum. They entered
when the following events took place:

"Bob Smith—That is Mr. Dobbeler,
Sir! (and turning more to myself) this is
Lieutenant Jones, from Alton."

"Editor—Good morning, gentlemen, (not
knowing Bob Smith) walk in and take a
seat."

"They both advanced to the stove, the
Lieutenant stooping over the stove and
warming his hands. Then turning to me,
he said:

"Sir, you are my prisoner."

"Editor—Have you a warrant for my ar-
rest, Lieutenant?"

"Bob Smith—We lost the paper on the
way up."

"Lieutenant—I forgot to bring them, sir,
but I am directed by Col. Hildebrand, who
has orders from General Curtis, to arrest
you, and I must do it."

"Editor—If you have a warrant from
even a justice, sir, I will quietly submit, but
if, as you say, you have no papers, I will
resist this illegal arrest to the last!"

"Here my pocket pistol, a little plaything,
weighing seven ounces, were drawn and
cocked. The Lieutenant, making no dem-
onstrations, we turned to Bob Smith, and
said:

"You are Bob Smith, I think, who infor-
med us on Barnard? He assented; and im-
mediately left! We then stepped to the door
and made an alarm. Almost instantly a
party of our friends advanced. When we
quietly introduced the Lieutenant as fol-
lows:

"Gentlemen, this is Lieutenant Jones, from
Alton, who says that he has instructions
from Colonel Hildebrand and General Cur-
tis to arrest me, but has no papers!"

"One of our friends, as we were going out,
said:

"Sir, you can make no arrests in this place
without papers!"

"With this we moved on out the door, but
when about fifty feet from the house, on
turning, behind the Lieutenant alone, ad-
vancing toward us shaking a revolver in his
hand. We advanced toward him, cocking
our pistol and bringing it a little up. He
said:

"I don't mean to do any thing, sir, I don't
mean to do anything! I merely drew my
revolver to get from them fellows up stairs!"

"We still advancing toward him and our
office, immediately replied:

"Well, sir, if you are not going to do any
thing I am sure I have no desire to do any
thing either."

"Then replacing our little plaything, we
returned to our office, when our friends ad-
vised us to retire for a while, which we did."

THE MCNEIL MASSACRE.—One of the features of the McNeil murder in Missouri is so cruel that it deserves especial remem- brance. It is related as follows:

"One of the victims selected by McNeil
was a man who had a wife and several chil-
dren, dependent altogether upon his daily
labor for their support. A young man
knowing the condition of the family, offered
himself to McNeil as a substitute for the
husband and father, was accepted, and was
one of the ten who were shot."

"History furnishes but few such noble acts
as the one recorded above. No laurels won
at the cannon's mouth can compare with the
cool, calm heroism of this noble youth, who
voluntarily gave his life to restore to a help-
less wife and children a husband and father,
and save them from being thrown on the
cold charities of a heartless world. Who is
there that would not rather fill his grave,
rebel though he may have been, than wear
the gilded uniform of the butcher McNeil,
whose soul is stained with the blood of this
noble man and his nine ill fated comrades?"

The mothers of the land will teach their
children to cherish and honor the name and
the deed of the one who gave his life as an
act of humanity, and to hate and scorn the
butcher fiend whose bloody inhumanity has
scarce a parallel in civilized countries.

Dayton Empire

A GOOD JOKE.—A few days since an extra train loaded with jackasses was transported over the Louisville and New Albany Rail- road. The telegraph operator at Salem, a boy, getting word of it, sent a rumor that Governor Morton, of Indiana, and Gov. Yates, of Illinois, accompanied by a large delegation of Republicans, with bands of music, etc., would pass through at a certain hour. Immense crowds of enthusiastic Re- publicans repaired to the depot, hats in hand, ready for the expected cheers. When the train thundered in, an aged and venerable owner of a pair of fabulous ears stuck his head out of a stock and gave vent to a long agonizing hee-haw that fairly shook the hills around; consternation seized the crowd, and in two minutes not a Republican was to be seen within a mile of the depot. Com- plaint has been made to the Superintendent against the operator, and he is in momen- tary expectation of a notice to quit.—North West.

The Albany Standard announces that it
will henceforward be printed on common
manilla paper, and sold at one cent a copy.

Garret Davis has introduced into Con-
gress a proposition which virtually takes the
election of President of the United States
out of the hands of the people. What next?

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. New England Patriotism—The Way the West was Diddled.

New England patriotism is of rather a
windy character. This is, perhaps, to be
expected in a country whose productive en-
ergies are so largely devoted to the multi-
plication of lawyers, preachers, members of
Congress, and traveling lecturers on the
'isms' and the 'ologies.' Before the war
began, and since, New England has been ex-
ceedingly brave in words, and could the re-
bellion have been put down by that species
of ammunition, its ashes would, long ago,
have been trodden beneath the heels of
Yankee sentence weavers and rhetoricians.

But New England patriotism is in action
rather slow than otherwise. Governor An-
drew, of Massachusetts, told the Secretary
of War, in a letter of extraordinary bravery,
that, if the President would only proclaim
Abolition, the roads would swarm with the
sons of the Bay State rushing to the field
of action. The President has proclaimed Abolition,
but the roads have not swarmed. In
Boston the draft proceeds in this: The Com-
missioners meet, draw one man, and adjourn
over. How long it will take to produce the
promised swarm at this rate is a question
for the professors of mathematics.

In Connecticut the result of the draft, as
paraphrased from the recent message of the
Governor, is as follows:

"Of 4,212 men drafted in that State only
76, and 142 substitutes, were mustered in,
and of these 81 deserted, leaving 137 as the
net result of a draft of 4,212 men."

What honest, sincere, stupid fools we
were—we the people of Ohio, and Pennsylv-
ania, and Indiana, and Illinois! We
thought, when the President called for
about one-third of our remaining able bodied
men to go to the slaughter-pens of Tennessee
and Virginia, that he wanted them. We
supposed we were under some sort of obli-
gation to see that they were collected and
forwarded. And what exertions and sacri-
fices we made, half hiring and half forcing
our fellow citizens to leave their homes and
families to go and be shot at in Southern ra-
vines and die of the pestilence in Southern
marshes!

We were green—the greenest people un-
der the face of Heaven. How we bowed
under the rod that was holden over our heads
by the blackguard press of a worse than
blackguard Administration—holding our
very breaths lest a word might slip out
which would be construed into discouraging
enlistments, while the very life-blood of the
community was being drawn out to fight
this New England war for the war of ped-
dlers of tin and peddlers of the Gospel, of
traveling lecturers, and writers of Abolition
hymnbooks and almanacs!

They are sharper people at the East, liv-
ing nearer sunrise. The Abolition Governor
of New York greatly tells the President
that the Empire State is unable to supply
its quota, and the President as gravely sits
down under it. There is nothing more to
be said. Connecticut and Massachusetts fol-
low suit; and the fact only creeps out through
some act of official incontinence. There is
food for a whole volume of reflection in these
facts and we commend them to the people

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch makes the following as- tounding statement:

"There is not a shadow of doubt that our
officers have been 'picked out' and shot by
their own men on the battle field, in num-
berless instances, to gratify private grudge.
A staff officer, in conversation with me on
this very subject, stated that he had been
informed by a surgeon, who had gone over
the battle-field at Antietam, that 'he found
to his great horror and surprise that nearly
all the officers killed were wounded from
behind!' Alas, what a heavy reckoning!"

A GOOD ONE.—The Logan Gazette says:

"If Lincoln is a 'second Washington,' the
third one will be a monkey."

ANOTHER.—The same paper says:

"The President speaks of our Foreign
Relations—meaning, we suppose, his wife's
relations in the rebel service."

It is a singular fact that ladies who know
how to preserve everything else, can't pre-
serve their tempers. Yet it may easily be
done on the self-sealing principle. It is
only to "keep the mouth of the vessel
tightly closed."

Michelot, the French author, says—
"England was a mystery to me until I vis-
ited it. I found it a great sand bank en-
veloped in fog. The fog fed the grass, the
grass fed the sheep, and the sheep fed the
men."

When Forney inquired of the Presi-
dent how he felt about New York and Illi-
nois, Mr. Lincoln, replied: "Something
like that boy in Kentucky, who stabbed his
toe while running to his sweet heart. The
boy said he was too big to cry, and far too
badly hurt to laugh."

"Paddy, said an employer to his laborer,
"you are to begin to work at five in the
morning and leave at seven in the after-
noon."

"Sure, sir," said Paddy, "wouldn't it be
better to begin at seven in the morning and
leave at five in the afternoon?"

A GENERATION TO BE EDUCATED TO HATE THE SOUTH.—Gideon G. Tucker, of New York, in a late letter says:

"In the spring of 1841, on commencing
the publication of the New York Tribune,
Mr. Greeley announced his purpose to be
"to educate a generation at the North to
hate the slaveholding South." In 1861,
twenty years after, that education had been
completed; the party of hate came into pow-
er; and the present gigantic fratricide began.
The Democratic party will not require
twenty years to unteach the delusions which
have led away so many of our people."

How completely Greeley has fulfilled his
horrid mission, of educating the North to
hate the South! If he has any conscience,
its results will torture and appal him.—Cin-
Enquirer.

From the London Morning Post. (Govern- ment Organ.) November 27. No Hope for America as Long as the Re- publicans are in Office.

Except in the event of death, or of a revo-
lution, Mr. Lincoln will continue to hold the
office of President until the beginning of
1865, and may, notwithstanding the opposi-
tion of his Congress, pursue whatever course
he or his advisers may think best. As,
however, we are reluctant to believe that
the war will be protracted until the Presi-
dent's term of office, and as we are not less
confident than heretofore that the effort to
subjugate the South must prove futile, we
anxiously seek an indication of a change in
the present policy.—The position of the
official Commander in chief of the Federal
forces is perplexing in the extreme. With
a large and well appointed army within a
few days' march of the Confederate capital,
he feels ashamed of withdrawing it into win-
ter quarters, or disbanding it by agreeing to
terms of peace, without previously attempt-
ing to inflict some damage on his resolute
foe. It has become an article of belief with
Mr. Lincoln's advisers that a continuance of
hostilities is essential to their retention of
power. Nor are they mistaken in this re-
spect. They have gone too far now to re-
tract, and the frank avowal of having misled
the public, long after their own eyes were
opened